

LABELLED  
FOR  
OUR  
MODERN  
WORLD

# GILDED

*Pre-launch Issue*

SUMMER 2010

HISTORY  
STYLE  
FOOD  
PEOPLE  
EVENTS  
PLACES  
FICTION



10 CENTS AN ISSUE/\$1.00 A YEAR



# Gentle Reader,

WELCOME TO THE FIRST ISSUE OF GILDED, a magazine devoted to the Edwardian era (or Gilded Age, fin de siècle, Belle Epoque, depending on which aspect of the time period between 1880 and 1914 you choose to focus). The first wave of Edwardian nostalgia swept the world in the 1970s, when the last of the period began to pass away and society made a clean break from the manners and mores which had sustained the “civilized” world for centuries.

Unfortunately, this rosy-tinted view of the turn-of-the-century passed away as well, and the 1890s and 1900s became persona non grata, particularly in romantic fiction. However, now that nearly a hundred years have passed since the start of the Great War, there have been stirrings of interest in the period, not only to look back on that romantic “long afternoon”, but to realize that we are not so very different from our Edwardian antecedents as we like to believe.

As such, GILDED is a companion to my website Edwardian Promenade, but after this issue I hope it to be so much more than my sharing of history--I hope to use this magazine to delve into the minds of Edwardians and--as my slogan states--bring La Belle Epoque into our modern world. This does not mean glossing over the uglier aspects in lieu of the glamorous, but to bridge the gap between the dark and light of the period to create a fuller, richer understanding of the era and its inhabitants.

But this magazine can only succeed

because of you, my readers. I hope this will be the first and only issue I write myself, and I urge anyone with an interest in the period to send me anything they like--recipes, photographs, short stories, poems, illustrations, articles, and so on, to include in subsequent issues.

In this pre-launch issue I don't promise perfection, but I do hope you enjoy every piece included. If you have any feedback you would like to send me, or questions on the era, please email me.

--Evangeline Holland

June 27, 2010

[evangeline@edwardianpromenade.com](mailto:evangeline@edwardianpromenade.com)

# DINNERS AND DINING AT CHINESE RESTAURANTS IN THE GILDED AGE

Chinese cuisine was introduced to America in the mid-19th century, when thousands of Chinese emigrated to the United States during the gold rush. Subsequent gold rushes attracted more immigration from China, and by the 1890s, Chinese food--or rather, Americanized Chinese food--became a gustatory staple for adventurous diners. Naturally, the Chinese restaurant reigned supreme in San Francisco, but New York ran a close second, with more than one Chinese restaurant reaching critical and commercial acclaim.

Part of the allure of Chinese dishes was, according to a 1911 cookbook, "the glamour thrown about them by the mystery of their origin and the still greater mystery of the combinations used in their preparation, adds a zest of which even the most skeptical is conscious." Ironically, the "mystery" behind Chinese cookery was no mystery at all, as--in testament to the culinary melting pot that is America--the majority of dishes served at restaurants were created right here in the United States. Chinese cooks in the goldfields or along the railroads quickly adapted their menus to the palate of their American employers and co-workers, and came up with such dishes as chop suey, or General Tso's Chicken, and even fortune cookies, to satisfy the expectations of recognizable yet "exotic" fare.

Chinese restaurants dotted every major U.S. city with a sizeable Chinese population, but the most popular form was the "chop suey resort." There are two schools of thought on the origins of chop suey--one says it was created in San Francisco and another links the dish to the Cantonese tsap seui, or "miscellaneous scraps." Whatever its origins, Americans took to this simple yet filling dish of vegetables and meat cooked in a light brown sauce, and it was

considered the perfect meal to top off a night on the town. The popularity of chop suey in New York led enterprising Chinese restaurateurs to move out of Chinatown and into the heart of the Broadway café set, and a 1903 article in the New York Times marveled at the establishment "of one hundred or more chop suey places between Forty-fifth Street and Fourteenth Street, and from the Bowery to Eighth Avenue."



They further elaborated:

"Persons who ought to know from experience say that a chop suey supper, or dinner, is as cheap and substantial a meal as anything else could be. In the better class places a heaping dish of suey, with a cup of tea and a bowl of rice cost 25 cents with mushrooms and 35 or 40 cents with them.

But from the gourmet's point of view, the mushrooms (canned after a Chinese fashion) are supposed to be the principal feature of the dish - the cranberry sauce to the turkey.

No bread is served unless ordered. The rice is supposed to be a substitute for it. The chopped veal and chicken, which are believed to form the principal ingredients of chop suey, are served on a heaping platter, quite as much as any hungry man could eat. Beside it is a small dish of black sauce, which is to give relish to the feast and aid digestion. In the better class restaurants, this simple meal of chop suey costs anywhere from 40 to 60 cents. Of course, if a customer cares to go in for delicacies that go with a Chinese meal it must be paid for in proportion, as other delicacies are. But 35 cents will keep a man from going hungry for a great many hours if he likes chop suey."

# EDWARDIAN ECONOMICS:

or, why a Single Man in want of a fortune would Marry It!

During the Edwardian era, nearly eighty percent of English land, or 77,635,301 acres, was owned by 320,000 persons.

The breakdown of the land owned was thus:

- One-quarter by 1,200 persons, whose average holdings were 16,200 acres
- One-quarter by 6,200 persons, whose average holdings were 3,150 acres
- One-quarter by 50,770 persons, whose average holdings were 380 acres
- One-quarter by 261,830 persons, whose average holdings were 70 acres

By this, half of the land was owned by 7,200 persons (first category) and the other half by 312,600 persons (second category), of which the former were 600 peers who, among them, were the holders of one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

The majority of these great estates were held under entail, a system devised during the Civil War by two Royalist lawyers, who intended the system of “strict settlement” to protect the estates of the defeated Royalists from fines and forfeiture at the hands of the Parliamentarians. Under this system, the head of the territorial family was made tenant for life, and his descendants were made

in tail. Each succeeding head of a family then made a settlement which was binding upon himself and his successor, and then trustees were appointed, provisions were made for younger sons and female members of the family, as well as funds set aside for the management of the estate. Because of this, land was seldom sold, being either leased or let on yearly tenan-

cies, which was why enormous estates were passed down unbroken to a small number of hands.

English landholders enjoyed many privileges, not limited to control over their tenants, parishes, and Members of Parliament, but the vast wealth derived from this land. With an

income of £30,000 a year, a man like *Pride & Prejudice*'s Mr. Darcy was most likely placed in the first category of landowners, but by the 1880s, a severe agricultural slump sliced this type of income not just in half, but in thirds, and in quarters, and in some cases--particularly in Ireland--in fifths.

The culprit of this income bandit was the rapid industrialization of Europe, and most particularly, the first signs of globalization. Now, refrigerated steam ships could import beef and dairy products from as far away as Australia and Argentina, and American wheat drove down the prices of British products so much so, there was a dangerous surplus which rotted when farmers could not sell them. Combine this with bad harvests and the refusal of farmers' sons and daughters to work the land (instead migrating to major cities to work in factories, or, for better educated children, to white-collar positions in department stores and banks), and landlords were forced to permit rent rollbacks to keep their tenants and to keep themselves solvent.





*To Marry A English Lord* by Gail MacColl and Carol McD. Wallace details the average operating expenses of a large estate:

- Allowance to Dowager in Dower House: £2000 per annum (to include servants' salaries and household costs)
- 
- Allowance to Aunt Agatha, still living upstairs in the Norman Room: £60 p.a.
- 
- Repair of church steeple: £600
- 
- Teacher's salary, coal, books for village school: £250
- 
- Pension to old Briggs, ex-gamekeeper: £10 p.a. Ditto to Wood, Dortry, Nobb, and Jeffries (£40 total), and to old Nanny living in west Wing (£15)
- 
- Salary for land agent to collect rents, administer estate: £1000 p.a.
- 
- Two carriage horses, and three hunters for His Lordship: £135
- 
- Fodder, grooms' salaries, stable repairs, carriage upkeep: £300
- 
- Leaving fields uncultivated to provide cover for pheasants, partidges, grouse, winter feed for game; salaries for gamekeepers: £2,250 p.a.
- 
- Pruning trees, shrubs, seeding lawn, dredging ornamental pond, clearing thickets, regravelling paths: £600 p.a.
- 
- "Pin money" (clothing and charity allowances) for unmarried daughters Lady Agatha, Lady Maude, and Lady Enid: £200 each
- 
- Household staples ordered from London (candles, soap, brooms, buckets, etc): £800
- 
- Coal for 25 fireplaces (lit only at night in bedrooms): £75
- 
- Salaries for carpenters, tilers, brickmakers in building yard: £1,500 p.a.

- Household salaries: six housemaids (£18 p.a. each); governess (£25); schoolroom maid (£15); four footmen (£40 each); hall boy (£10); French chef (£100); three kitchen maids (£15 each); scullery maid (£8); housekeeper (£50); His Lordship's valet (£65); butler (£80)
- 
- Allowances to Hon. Cedric and Hon. Marmaduke: £1000 p.a. each
- 
- His Lordship's personal expenses: £4500 (includes tailor, club dues, debts of honor, entertaining in town)
- 
- House party entertaining: meals for 12 guests with their 12 servants five times a day for three days, six house parties: £600. Plus, writing paper in all guests' bedrooms, renewed daily (£15 per house party); bill for claret and champagne (£875) for year; cost for transporting Blue Hungarian Band to play at each house party (£600 total)

Total expenses: **£20,216**

Income on estate: £12, 500 rent from tenants (on 43,000 acres, 35,000 uncultivated)

£1000 sale of timber

£300 dividends from other investments

£55 sale of Lady Agatha, Lady Maude, and Lady Enid's hunters

Total income: **£13,855**

Shortfall: **£6,361**

In the late 1870s, the debate over the usefulness of the House of Lords and aristocratic privilege began to simmer, and in reaction to debates in the press and the Commons, a book was published detailing the acreage owned by aristocrats and the landed gentry, and the incomes derived from the land. Here are a few examples of great landowners and their incomes:

<i>Marquis of Anglesey</i>	Location	Acres	Value
	Stafford	14, 344	88, 719
	Derby	1, 559	8, 696
	Anglesea	8, 485	9, 123
	Dorset	1, 117	814
<b>Total</b>		25, 505	£107, 361
<i>Duke of Bedford</i>			
	Hunts	1,334	2, 536
	Herts	83	117
	Dorset	3, 412	3, 966
	Lincoln	1	2
	Devon	22, 607	45, 907
	Camb.	18, 800	34, 325
	Northampton	3, 414	4, 049
	Bucks	3, 036	2, 712
	Beds.	33, 589	47, 421
	Cornwall	1, 231	514
<b>Total</b>		87, 507	£141, 549
<i>Sir William R. Clayton</i>			
	Norfolk	1, 039	1, 568
	Bucks	2, 067	3, 292
	Carmathen	1, 502	1, 433
	Surrey	6, 505	5, 637
	Berks	32	180
	Sussex	20	16
<b>Total</b>		11, 165	£12, 126
<i>Thomas Leyland</i>			
	Northumberland	17, 644	16, 198
	Lancashire	3, 426	36, 781
<b>Total</b>		21, 070	£52, 979

As you can see, by this period, many peers hurt for income, and owned thousands of acres of land which were basically useless. Small wonder aristocrats took to marrying American heiresses and to entering business in the City, and for younger sons to join the Army or take part in Colonial Administrations!!

# KEEPING COOL IN THE SUMMER

No matter the temperature, our sturdy Edwardians remained buttoned and corseted, which, since weather has largely remained the same in all corners of the globe, made for very uncomfortable times. Let's explore how people at the turn-of-the-century kept cool amidst sweltering summer heat.

Now that the torridity of midsummer is upon us, let me recommend to your readers a very simple, harmless, and effective device for getting and keep cool on warm nights. An ordinary rubber water bag half filled with cold water placed as a pillow under the head on retiring in about five minutes reduces the temperature of the whole body sufficiently to insure several hours of comparative relief and comfort.

During the sultry weeks in Paris dwellings of that city of light and brightness are kept cooler than those of America. Carpets are replaced by matting that can be sprinkled. Windows are closed at sunrise to keep in the cool night air until sundown. The courtyard is frequently watered to prevent its becoming heated and to keep up evaporation. Keep a large block of ice on a grooved marble table, the cool waste water draining through a concealed pipe in the standard of the table and connected with a refrigerator below, seeping over salad leaves and covered jars. By this device a uniform temperature is maintained.

The municipality aids the citizen by having the streets thoroughly watered and the trottoir washed down long before Parisians are astir. Along the boulevards are large trees that turn the heat aside. There are little cafes with awnings drawn over the pavements, chairs around small tables, and for three half pence the thirsty man receives a glass of water from the garcos. French summer drinks are cooling rather than inebriating. Domestic wines, orgeat, raspberry vinegar, are dispensed in long glasses produced from the refrigerator.

## Pineapple Lemonade

Peel a ripe pineapple, grate the fruit, and turn over it the juice of five lemons. Then make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a pint of water by boiling them together for ten minutes. Cool the syrup and add it to the fruit, turn in a quart of cool water, and strain through a muslin cloth. Serve in a glass filled with crushed ice. If you want to make it quite pretty add a cherry to each glass.

## Lemon Ginger Beer

Pour two gallons of cold water over a half dozen lemons thinly sliced and add to this not quite an ounce of ginger root. To this mixture add a pound and a half of sugar. Let it come to a boil; then add a tablespoon of cream of tartar. Strain and set in a cool place. When nearly cold add a yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water; stir thoroughly; then set in a cool place overnight. In the morning mix well and bottle. Be sure to make the corking airtight and lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place. A small bottle of Jamaica ginger extract may be used in place of the whole ginger if more convenient.

## FROM TREATS FROM THE EDWARDIAN COUNTRY HOUSE: Pimms

- \* 2 lemons, sliced
- \* 1 punnet of strawberries, quartered
- \* Peel of ½ cucumber
- \* Crushed mint
- \* 2 tablespoons of castor sugar
- \* Juice of 3 lemons
- \* 200ml Pimms
- \* 1 litre soda water

Put the sliced lemons, strawberries, cucumber peel, crushed mint, sugar, lemon juice and Pimms into a jug. Stir the ingredients until the sugar has dissolved. Add the ice and top up with soda water.

# RAGTIME REVOLUTION AND THE CASTLES

Today the Castles are as unfamiliar as the bunny hug and the grizzly bear. However, from the mid-1900s until the outbreak of World War One, Western societies--an American in particular--were swept into a dance craze that liberated society from the restrained, proper movements which characterized ballroom dance from the 1700s on. At the heart of the craze was a smart Anglo-American couple who epitomized the fizzing, ram-bunctious atmosphere of the 1910s: Vernon and Irene Castle. Through these dances and songs, the Castles, as well as equally talented black American performers and composers, paved the way for the loosening of society and relations between the sexes which has characterized public celebrations and gatherings ever since.

## BIRTH OF RAGTIME

When thirty-one year old Scott Joplin set his pen to music, there was little to suspect his syncopated rhythms would spark a music and dance mania which swept aside the light, airy classical music and sedate polkas and Germans of the 19th century. However, Joplin did not create ragtime, which had its roots in the antebellum pastime of "cake-walking."

The cakewalk was created by enslaved blacks who mocked the Southern aristocracy's dances and manners. Unaware of the dance's satirical roots, white plantation owners and their friends and family would urge their slaves to perform the dance, during which the master's wife would gift the most talented "walkers" with a cake or piece of candy. Ironically, the cakewalk became the performance of white entertainers in blackface who imitated a black dance created to lampoon whites.

Nonetheless, the cakewalk became a national phenomenon, and blacks participated in cakewalk competitions, where many of the best "walkers" would then compete at the National Cakewalk Jubilee in New York City, where champions could win luxurious prizes.

The cakewalk also took high society by storm through the sheer popularity of Bert Williams and George Walker. The team of Williams & Walker dominated vaudeville of the 1890s, and Williams became one of the first black actors to perform on Broadway. Walker's wife, Aida Reed Walker, an established singer and dancer herself, became their leading lady and

choreographer, and was soon crowned "The Queen of the Cakewalk" and inundated with invitations from society matrons to perform and teach the dance.

From this and the march, which was currently popular through John Philip Sousa's military two-steps, music scholars posit ragtime originated. Wherever it came

from, it was immediately popular when introduced at the Chicago's World Fair in 1893. The first ragtime in print was William Krell's Mississippi Rag in 1897, followed by Tom Turpin's Harlem Rag, which became the first instrumental ragtime publication by a black composer.

Scott Joplin was the one to take ragtime to the next level. Born the second of six children, Joplin showed an ear for music early on and his parents saved to provide their precocious son with a piano and music lessons. His earliest influence was his German piano instructor, Julius Weiss, who imbued Joplin with a love of the classical music which fueled his later desire to compose "classical" ragtime tunes.





As an adult, Joplin's social and musical life was connected with Sedalia Missouri's two black men's clubs: the Black 400 Club and the Maple Leaf Club. There he played the piano for the various dances the clubs sponsored, sang, and did other general entertainments. He found initial success with the sale of two songs, "Please Say You Will" and "A Picture of Her Face," but it was in ragtime his legacy endured. Joplin sold the Maple Leaf Rag to John Stark & Son, who provided him with an advance, a one-cent royalty on each copy sold, and ten free copies for his own use. Though there were more than a hundred rags in print by 1899, Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" caught public attention and promptly sold over 1 million copies. With the astounding success of his first rag (it is estimated that he earned over three hundred dollars each year from royalties), Joplin moved his family to St Louis, where he composed other well-known classics, "The Entertainer", "Elite Syncopations", "March Majestic", and "Ragtime Dance." With the music in place, the emergence of dances to pair with the rollicking, jittery music was natural.

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT"

Well into the 1880s, the waltz remained a wicked, scandalous dance in America. Most social dances were group-based, and women and men were kept at arms length as they clomped and glided through turns and steps called out by a cotillion leader. The physical contact in the waltz challenged restraint and instructors did their best to instill propriety in the dance. From the 1890s to about 1910, the two-step shared center stage with the waltz; a harbinger of what was to come. Young people were attracted to the "march-like bass line and melodic syncopation, and the 2/4 and 4/4 rhythm simplified dancing, and America became dance mad."

Suddenly, dances long-popular in the South and the West Coast rapidly infiltrated the drawing rooms and lobster palaces of the East Coast. These dances, known as "animal dances" from their animal-derived names--Turkey Trot, Grizzly Bear, Monkey Glide, Chicken Scratch, Bunny Hug, Kangaroo Dip--permitted what was denounced as "lingering close contact."

Moralists were outraged. Parents horrified. Pulpits shook with thunder from rousing sermons denouncing ragtime as "a wave of vulgar, filthy and suggestive music" that "has inundated the land." Condemnation of the dances hopped the Atlantic Ocean, where a British peeress, in an anonymous letter to the editor, described the

Boston two-step as "the beginning of evil," and the Countess of Stafford agreed: "the so-called dances can only be compared to the wild, abandoned frenzies of some ancient Bacchantic revel."

The hysteria reached farcical levels, with German aristocrats challenging young men to duels for asking their daughters to turkey trot or bunny hug, arrests being made of dancers during raids on dance-halls, and the newly-elected President Woodrow Wilson canceling his inaugural ball fearing the "indulgence in the turkey trot, the bunny hug, and other ragtime dances" would "thus provoke what might amount to a National scandal."

The changes these dances evoked were readily apparent with the relaxation of interaction between the sexes, and the gradual shift away from the middle-aged towards the youth. Vigorous and boisterous, dances such as the turkey trot, a fast, marching one-step, arms pumping at the side, with occasional arm-flapping to emulate a crazed turkey, seemed tailored to energetic young people, and the steadily rising hemlines and shrinking silhouette of women's clothing depended a slender, athletic build.



By permission of the New York Times.  
IN LONDON GOOD SOCIETY VETOED THEM FROM THE DRAWING-ROOMS

The emergence of ragtime dances, and the public venues where they could be danced only exacerbated the growing independence of young men and women and their ability to meet one another without parental supervision. Unable to staunch the tide of “immorality,” upper-class America and disapproving clergymen felt helpless to the demands of the public for ragtime. To their rescue came Vernon and Irene Castle.

#### THE CASTLES ARE COMING! HOORAY! HOORAY!

First and foremost, the Castles made the tango and other animal dances “aristocratic.” They were popular and respectable because they were married, young and well-bred—particularly Vernon, who was of British ancestry. They cautioned potential ragtimers in their book of instruction: “Do not wriggle the shoulders. Do not shake the hips. Do not twist the body. Do not hop—glide instead. Drop the Turkey Trot, the Grizzly Bear, the Bunny Hug, etc. These dances are ugly, ungraceful and out of fashion.”

From whence did this beautiful and charming young couple come but the very medium the upper-classes condemned as “immoral”—the stage. However, both fell into acting, as well as fame, entirely on accident. Born in Norwich, England, Vernon Castle followed his actress sister to New York, where the easy-going young man promptly made a name for himself as a vaudevillian in the productions of theatre magnate, Lew Fields. In New Rochelle, New York, Irene Castle, née Foote, nursed ambitious of entering the theatre as a dancer. When Irene and Vernon met, it wasn’t love at first sight. Tenacious to a fault, Irene initially pursued an acquaintance with Vernon for his success on Broadway, but soon they fell for one another and despite reservations from her family and Fields, they married in the spring of 1911.



A trip to Paris for a honeymoon and a gig proved unfruitful at first, particularly when the first half of Vernon and Irene’s revue failed to elicit any positive response. But the second act—where they broke out in a “wildly energetic and very American dance routine to the tune of ‘Alexander’s Ragtime Band’” caused the Parisians to go wild. The dance itself was hastily improvised, being a rough mixture of the Texas tommy and the grizzly bear, which had Irene “in the air more often than on the ground.” The Castles were a hit, and night after night, they danced in the famous Parisian Café de Paris, where customers tipped them generously to perform the unfamiliar animal dances.

Returning to America flush with success and cash, the Castles conquered New York, where they demanded of Louis Martin, manager of the lobster palace Café de l’Opera, \$300 a night. He paid, and nightly, the spotlight fell on the slim, fashionable Castles as they twirled about the small dance floor. They created their famous “Castle Walk” accidentally, when exhaustion caused them to go up on the beat, instead of coming down.

This dance increased the number of private lessons taught tenfold, and their fees, leading them into the arms of a high society searching for the next hot dance as the animal dances began to wane in popularity. They became protégées of socialites Elizabeth Marbury and Elsie de Wolfe, and this gave them even more prestige with society matrons of the 400.

Besides setting new dance trends, the Castles, Irene in particular, set new fashion trends which, oddly enough, echoed those of the 1920s. When Elsie de Wolfe stepped into their lives, she steered Irene toward simple designs, and from the designer Lucille, Irene emerged in long, sleek gowns with low necklines and slit skirts, which made other women, still clad in the fussy designs of the mid-1900s, appear overdressed.

To complement this pared-down style of dress was Irene's short, bobbed hair. As a teenager, her impulsive chop of her locks sparked an outrage amongst her classmates and their parents. Now, as the famous Irene Castle, her "Castle Bob" adorned with the "Castle Band" (a pearl necklace Irene placed on her head to keep her hair tamed) or a Dutch lace cap, there was no censure for her audacious cut.

Composer James Reese Europe soon joined the Castles, creating the ragtime music that has endured longer than their dances. Born in Mobile, Alabama, yet raised in Washington D.C., Europe developed his musical talent from an early age. He entered show business as musical director for all-black shows before conducting and composing captured his interest. In 1910, Europe helped found the Clef Club, a combination booking agency, "union" and social club.

He rose to fame when the Clef Club Orchestra played at Carnegie Hall in 1912, again in 1913 and again in 1914. The Clef Club Orchestra then played for President Wilson's daughter, for the Governor of Virginia, at Boston's Copley Hall and the Manhattan Casino. When Europe's Society Orchestra signed with Victor Records in 1913, they became the first black orchestra to obtain a US recording contract. By the time he crossed paths with the Castles, he was a star of New York City's musical circles. When they collaborated, the combination of Europe's masterful music and the Castles' chic dances created a sensation.

The Castles, with Europe and his orchestra in tow, staged their next coup in 1913 when they opened their dance studio, Castle House. A modest, two-story brick house on 26 E. 46th Street, here society could take dance lessons from respectable dance instructors from 4 to 6:30, at which the Castles occasionally appeared. Later, Vernon was persuaded to open a nightclub, which they christened the "Sans Souci." Unfortunately, the club fell apart as soon as it opened: poor management and cheating waiters caused Sans Souci's quick demise, and four months after its debut,

it was closed by the Fire Department. Castle House lasted until 1915, but in the meantime, Irene and Vernon expanded their "brand" by filming their dances for the delight of eager cinema-goers.

When the Great War broke in August 1914, the

Castles continued to tour the vaudeville circuit and dance in the chicest nightclubs. Vernon, however, as a British citizen, itched to enter combat and by 1915, he was resolved to enlist. The end of the year saw him enlist in the 84th Royal Canadian Flying Corps Squadron and begin flying lessons.

He passed his flying test February of 1916, and was granted a license that same month. He saw action in France as an aerial photographer on reconnaissance, and later, as a bomber. During Vernon's time in Europe, Irene embarked on a solo career, making a splash in silent films ranging from mysteries to romances.

They were never again to dance together.

In 1917, it is said, ragtime died and with jazz gaining preeminence, new dances like the Charleston and the Black Bottom slowly traveled the same trajectory of the turkey trot and the bunny hug some twenty years before. The following year, Vernon was stationed in Texas to train fliers. Mid-February, he crashed his plane, perishing in the field hospital twenty minutes after the fall. He was thirty years old.

#### THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Ragtime was dead, and Vernon as well, but Irene wasn't, and she spent her remaining years as an actress, a wife, a mother, and the keeper of the Castles' flame. She was impatient with the dances of subsequent generations, and jumped at the opportunity to recreate the frantic years of her success as one half of the Castles, when in 1939, RKO acquired the rights to her and Vernon's life to produce a movie featuring that generation's "Vernon and Irene Castle"--Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.





Irene was hired as “costume designer, technical advisor, and writer” for the aptly titled film, *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, and helped shape the narrative of her life with Vernon. Though the finicky Irene moderately approved of the movie, and of Fred Astaire, the Castles and their famous dances are known best through this somewhat accurate movie, which preserves a slice of long-forgotten American life that nonetheless, parallels the rise and fall of dance crazes and to them, the reaction of youths, parents and pulpits of every generation.



# LEAVES FROM MY RESEARCH LIBRARY

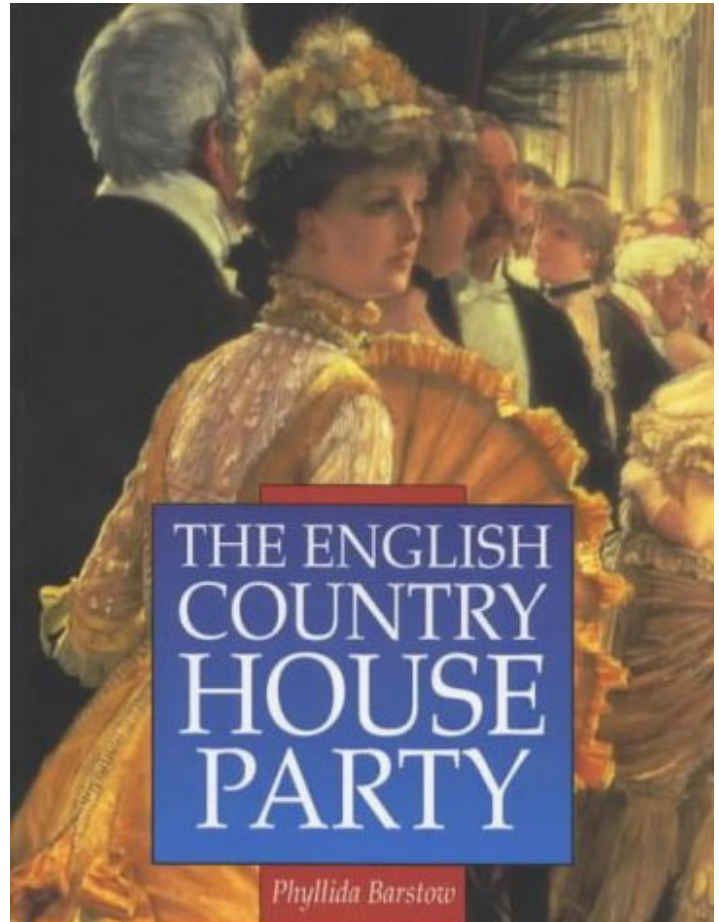
Phyllida Barstow's *THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY* is an incomparable resource for anyone's collection. In it Barstow explores not only the social side of the country house, but its importance to the very structure of the British aristocracy. The book covers the period of lavish amusement and expenditure that marked the Prince of Wales's Marlborough House Set, the blow dealt to the country house by the Great War, and how society in the interwar period adapted to the country house's new role.

The book's strength lies in its thorough research, as well as the glorious amount of photos and illustrations which gives a greater glimpse into the period than mere text. Barstow's writing is confident and breezy, with just the right touch of English self-deprecation to make the dizzying array of facts and names entertaining.

I managed to catch this book at a great discount since it hovers around the \$60 mark, but as of press time, there are copies available on Amazon.com starting at \$10 US.

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# SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF RALPH DAVID BLUMENFELD (R.D.B.)

Blumenfeld (1864-1948) was an American-born journalist, writer and newspaper editor who edited the British newspaper *Daily Express* from 1902 to 1932. He became a naturalized citizen of Britain in 1907, and there spent the rest of his highly eventful life, of which journalism played a key role. His Diary was published in 1930 and covered the twenty-seven years between Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887 and the beginning of World War One in 1914.

*Wednesday, June 29, 1887*

I spent from five o'clock until seven this evening watching the spectacle of London society airing itself in Hyde Park. There can be no more wonderful sight anywhere. Certainly there is no place on earth where there can be seen at one time so many gorgeous equipages, such beautiful horses, and such a display of elegance. Queen Victoria, who is said not to like London, and is therefore seldom seen in the capital, has been out every day of this momentous week.

She drove into the Park at a quarter past five--all traffic being waved to one side--in a great C-springed landau with outriders and gentlemen riding alongside. Shortly after she was followed by the Princess of Wales, a most beautiful woman whose great popularity with the people, especially the women, is in no doubt.

There were hundreds of carriages, landaus, barouches, victorias, curricles and private landaus, and such horses! The powdered and bewigged footmen in front and behind the vehicles, the red, blue and yellow plush of breeches, the silk stockings of the flunkies, the flashing buckles--just like a fairy tale. The great thing to do, if you are a "blood" and in the swim, is to lean over the iron rails and be recognized by milady as equipage after equipage rolls by in lordly grandeur.

*Monday, November 10, 1890*

This has been a considerable holiday, for it is Lord Mayor's Day, and all London gave itself up to the celebration. There was a procession from the Mansion House down Fleet Street and Charing Cross to Trafalgar Square, and then back along the Embankment...The aftermath of the show was a fine harvest of drunkenness. The Strand at 8 o'clock tonight was agog with a milling stew of so-called merry-makers, which means that there was general license and intoxication.

"donah" girls from the shops and factories, all dressed up in great hats, bobbing with so-called ostrich feathers, find great amusement in assailing innocent passers-by with jets of water from little leaden squirts. It is wisest to appear to like it.

*Sunday, April 9, 1892*

Witnessed a curious, somewhat antiquated scene in the smoking-room of the Victoria Hotel at four this afternoon. I was sitting with Frank Marshall White, William Bacon, Edwin Cleary and Edwin Fox when Captain Harry Vane Milbanke, heir to Sir John Milkbanke, came in and spoke to Fox. Both Milbanke and Fox were formerly in the Life Guards. It appears that Milbanke was carrying a challenge to a duel to Fox from Mr. Hallett Borrowe, and it all arose out of the indiscreet remarks of Colonel Tom Ochiltree, the famous swashbuckler...Fox is a great giant of a man, who has had all sorts of adventures all over the world. Milbanke is a *beau sabreur* who has fought many duels...is said to be a deadly shot and a magnificent swordsman.

*Brussels, Sunday, April 24, 1892*

Exciting times. The duel between Fox and Borrowe actually took place yesterday noon on the sand dunes of Nieuport Baines, near Ostend, and after two shots both were still alive. Harry Vane Milbanke acted as second for Borrowe, and I performed the task for Fox. Duelling pistols, .45 calibre, firing on the count of "Three" at twelve paces.



*October 2, 1900*

Lord Carnavon is becoming a public nuisance as a motor scorcher. He was summoned again today. Clouds of dust as high as the neighboring trees, said the police witnesses, rose up as his car whizzed along the road. By careful timing and measurements the superintendent calculated the rate of speed at a mile in two and a half minutes, or twenty-four miles an hour!

Frank Butler, the hon. secretary of the Automobile Club in Piccadilly, is very angry with the police. They hailed him before the New Romney magistrates yesterday for scorching in his new Panhard at eighteen miles per hour; but he got off.

*December 10, 1901*

I remember going to Vienna about ten years ago to be shocked at the sight of several women smoking cigars. We appear to be progressing towards that end here. After dinner last night at the Carlton I saw four women in the lounge smoking cigarettes quite unconcernedly. One of them had a golden case, and she was what is called a chain smoker. Dr. Gunton, who was with me, told me that most women now smoke at home. "That's what makes them so nervy," he said, "but when I tax them with over-smoking they nearly always deny it."

*February 7, 1908*

I had lunch today at Stafford House, the Duke of Sutherland's palace in St. James', with the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P. The old gentleman...wanted to talk about a tax on foreign bacon, eggs, and cheese, but all during lunch he discoursed on the Cesarewitch, the Lincoln, and the Grand National...He said he was not feeling very well; completely off his appetite. As he said this he had his second helping of a heaped-up plate of roast goose, after a plentiful dish of fried sole. After the goose there was just a soupcon of cold tongue and ham, and then came a beautifully done soufflé. Cheese, of course...There was some brown sherry, some exquisite Burgundy, and a few rounds of port, with brandy to seal the perfection of the repast. "You see," said the Squire, "one can't eat very much in town. I never really have an appetite until I've come in from a day's hunting."

*February, 17, 1908*

Coming home along the Embankment at midnight with Arthur Pearson, from Blackfriars as far as Northumberland Avenue, we counted fifteen homeless couples, evidently married out-of-works. Three of them had children with them, and of these two were barefooted...The Salvation Army people were handing out hot soup to the miserable folk. This midnight poverty of London is one the most pathetic sights of the metropolis.

More new fashions. Shearn, the florist, informs me that imitation blossoms made of feathers are now worn for hat trimmings. Rosettes of Parma violets, of imitation ostrich feathers are favorite.

Pruger, the manager of the Savoy, says that it is only in the past ten years that English men and women have thought of going to hotel restaurants to dine. When he first came to London only foreigners went to the hotels for entertainment and food. The "natives" either entertained their friends at home or at clubs. As for ladies, there were only half a dozen places, such as the Cafe Royal, Scott's, Verrey's, the Amphitron, Prince's Willis', or Simpson's-on-the-Strand.

*Thursday, June 22, 1911*

This was Coronation Day...I think the thing which impressed me most was when the young Prince of Wales appeared before his royal father to do obeisance as those before him had done. The young prince stepped forward and bowed low before his father. Sweeping the robes of the Garter to each side as he advanced up the steps of the throne, he knelt down and said:

"I, Edward Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God."

The boy touched the royal crown with his fore-finger and then kissed the King on the left cheek. Custom prescribes this. But as he got up the parent reached out his hand and drew his son to him and kissed him; and the boy, overcome for the moment, kissed the King's hand and hurried away. Just a simple English boy.

*Tuesday, February 25, 1913*

Someone, somewhere, has started a story about mysterious airships which fly over the country at night. No one has yet seen them, but people at various points along the East and South coasts profess to have heard them. The Army authorities put no credence in them, but in a chat I had today with Colonel Marker, Coldstream Guards, he said it would not be surprising if the Germans were making secret night passages with the secret airships. They have been carrying out staff rides on the East coast for years without hindrance. Why not air rides? One the other hand, one could see as well as hear them, and no has yet seen them.

*Wednesday, July 29, 1914*

Mr. Selfridge came down to see me at night to hear the latest news. He did not think the Germans would care to go to war. "They can't stand it financially," he said; "they wouldn't last 'til Christmas." I retorted that, nevertheless, we were beginning to take notice, and had got so far that we are not printing the movements of the Army and Navy units.

*Saturday, August 1, 1914*

Went down to Easton with our Daily Express cricket eleven to play Easton Lodge. We were beaten. After match we learned that Germany had declared war on Russia and had marched into Luxemburg, thus violating her treaty engagements. If this country does not stand up for Right and Honour she will be forever damned.

*Tuesday, August 4, 1914*

Ultimatum sent to Germany to respect Belgian neutrality. It expires at midnight. Declined; so there is nothing for it. At midnight Great Britain declared war on Germany.

*We are in it! How long?*



# A SCANDAL MOST WICKED

In Which a Happily Divorced Couple discovers They are Not Unmarried!

On the morning of September 21st, the morning edition of the New York Times featured an article of potent curiosity. Of course, one had to dig through pages of financial news, sporting results and society columns to find said article. The title was innocent enough: "Many Illegal Divorces From Lawyers' Neglect." Since most of the Four Hundred eschewed divorce altogether, save a few aberrations (the former Alva Vanderbilt among them), the news was of interest to none save those with a lurid attachment to reading every bit of news printed in the newspaper. On that morning, such a person as this happened to be the precocious twelve year old daughter of one Kenneth Stanton. Esq., 108th & Riverside Drive.

Dependent upon her status as a darling daughter and her father's only child, Charlotte serenely perused the morning paper before his arrival over a breakfast of hot flapjacks smothered with maple syrup and crisp bacon. The paper crackled as she carefully folded the newspaper vertically then horizontally before propping it against the potted flower decorating the table, so as to study the eye-catching article. She tapped her chin thoughtfully and frowning just a bit, she sifted through the reasons why the headline interested her so.

As the child of divorced parents, she had long ago pushed aside the childish hope that her mother and father would remarry one another. It wasn't so bad really. Mummy lived in England with her stepfather, and shared custody of Charlotte with papa, who lived in New York. She had plenty of presents at Christmas, an extended family who made the transition easier, and her parents always made time for her when she was with them.

She speared a wedge of flapjack with a fork, making sure to sop up the extra syrup pooling at the bottom of her plate before popping the moist, spongy pancake into her mouth. Her attention returned to the news article. So intent was she upon her reading, she failed to notice the entrance of her father. She reached absently for the glass of milk stationed at her elbow, only to collide with a warm, solid form. Charlotte looked up in surprise.

Kenneth Stanton stood beside her chair, arms crossed and exasperation creasing his stern features. He frowned more often than smiled, which left creases between his brows and bracketing his mouth. However, she thought him divine: a strong-jawed, dark-haired and as handsome as the Arrow shirt man.

"Is that my paper?"

"Sorry Papa," she said meekly and unfolded the paper to turn it right side out.

Her father merely took it from her and settled in the seat beside her.

The butler, Travers, entered silently and poured a cup of hot, steaming coffee for her father, then inspected the silver chafing dishes of breakfast foods waiting on the sideboard before departing.

"I'll fix your plate for you, Papa," She jumped to her feet and grabbed a plate, heaping it high with the yolk-yellow, fluffy scrambled eggs, plump sausages, and sticky grits he liked to eat in the morning.

"Thank you Charlotte," He moved his arms to give her room to place the plate before him. "Now, how many times have I told you to leave the newspaper alone until I've read it?"

"Many times," she replied honestly. "But I awake much earlier than you do, and it isn't logical for me to wait for you to rise and read it before I am allowed to do so."

Her father paused in the act of lifting a forkful of eggs to his mouth. His mouth twitched, and she sat straighter, smiling with the knowledge of his suppressed amusement.

"This isn't an argument of logic. I have lain down a law, and I expect obedience."

"Of course Papa, but it simply makes no sense."

"Laws aren't meant to make sense, but to create some measure or guideline for proper behavior."

"But who determines what proper behavior is? That requires a good amount of logic." She frowned. "A bank robber could find it proper and logical to steal because he has need of money and sees a way to obtain it."



"But the robber did not earn that money." He waggled a sausage at her before taking a huge bite.

"Neither did the bankers. Yet they are allowed to invest or borrow on the deposits of people who did earn that money. Isn't that stealing?"

Her father threw up his hands in mock surrender. "I give up. You win."

Charlotte shook her head sadly. "I guess I'm just a rebel."

She was standing beside him and he set down his fork to cradle her head in his hands and pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Dear heart, don't stop rebelling. It keeps your old father on his toes."

"You aren't old Papa. Mary Graham's father is fifty!"

"Ouch," her father pulled a face. "Remind me to never tell you my date of birth."

"Go on," she chuckled her father on the arm.

"No, you go on," he said checking his watch. "It's nearly eight o'clock and you'll be late for day school."

He pushed his chair away from the table and stood to guide her out of the dining room. In the foyer, Travers stood ready with their hats and coats. Charlotte stood on her toes to assist her father into his warm brown otter-fur coat, and he in turn assisted her into the cherry red woolen pea coat. He took the brown derby held by the butler and slung her tam O'Shanter over her head.

Charlotte adjusted the crimson hat and pulled on the gloves attached to her coat by the piece of yarn her nanny used to keep track of her outerwear. Travers opened the door and she shivered in reaction to the cold autumn wind swirling into the house and disturbing the multi-colored leaves coating the pavement.

"Will you drive me? The girls are ever so jealous when you take me in your automobile."

"I did not purchase my motor to impress a gaggle of schoolgirls," he said as they descended the short flight of stairs. "And the Misses Ely's School is but a quarter of a mile away. We can walk."

"But Papa--"

He held up a hand. "No arguments Charlotte."

"Yes Papa," she said grudgingly.

But her dark mood didn't last very long. The sun shone brightly. The sky was clear and blue. She tucked her hand into the crook of her father's arm and fairly skipped her way down the street at his side.

"Er, Charlotte, I've been meaning to tell you..." he trailed off.

"Yes, Papa?"

"It completely slipped my mind when you first arrived, and it cannot be put off much longer." He said quickly.

Charlotte glanced worriedly at her father. It wasn't the cold that put the ruddy color in his cheeks.

"Your mother has been married for three years--"

"Four. Mummy and Sir George married when I was eight."

"Right. Four years." He sounded awkward.

"What is it?"

"Miss Walsh is a nice woman, isn't she?"

"I forget who she is. The short lady, who insists upon playing the piano whenever you have a party?"

"No. No! That's Mrs. Jennings." He shook his head. "Miss Walsh is the tallish woman. Blonde. I believe she helped you put on your skates when we went to Central Park."

"Oh, her. I guess you could say she was nice." Charlotte said indifferently.

"I find her very nice."

"Papa, are you trying to tell me you would like to marry Miss Walsh?"

He closed his eyes a moment and then let out a short bark of laughter. "I forget how astute you can be sometimes. Yes, I do wish to marry Miss Walsh. Barbara."

Charlotte felt a funny feeling in her stomach. She glanced at her father, who looked appealingly at her, obviously vulnerable and waiting for some sign of approval. That funny feeling refused to subside and she could only look away, relieved that her day school was but a block away.

"I realize this seems rather sudden since you've only met Barbara once, but she'll do good things for me--for us. You'll see."

"I read the most interesting article in the paper," she said, switching the topic. "It was legal, so I know you'll be interested."

"And what was that?"

"I'm not quite sure, but it said something about divorces filed between certain dates being illegal." Her father hummed noncommittally. "I recall a case similar to that early on in my career. Very nasty it was."

"I would think so. Think of it Papa, a husband and wife torn apart when he or she realizes their marriage isn't valid!" Charlotte spread her arms wide in a theatrical manner.

"You're sounding like your mother's melodramas."

"Mummy always bases her stories on some measure of truth. Perhaps I should send her a clipping of the article for inspiration."

"She'd most likely enjoy it. She does have the most fertile imagination of anyone I've ever known."

Her father laughed softly. "Here we are."

There they were. The Misses Ely's School for Girls was a plain, unassuming brownstone which matched the general architectural style flanking Riverside Drive. The small plot of yard before it was filled with milling girls attired in the simple black or navy sailor suits, dark stockings and black kid shoes the conservative Misses Ely preferred. Charlotte waved to the girls who greeted her arrival and stopped her father in order to give him a kiss.

"Now Papa, don't work too hard today. I won't have Travers tell me you've come home early with a megrim."

Her father's eyes danced with amusement, but he bore her gentle chiding patiently. "I advise you of the same. Gives the Misses Ely my greetings."

She took her farewell of her father, and ran the last little bit to join her classmates as one of the Misses Ely stepped from the school to chime the cowbell that signaled the beginning of the school day.

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Kenneth Stanton tapped his pencil absently on the knee of his crossed leg as he listened to the Dictaphone recording of Congressman Charles Fanshaw's last speech. Opposite him, on the other side of the desk, sat Theobald Walsh and his daughter, Barbara. The sturdy Walsh sat casually, hands clasped over his paunchy belly, eyes shrewd and mouth quirked in amusement beneath the rosacea thickened nose. Barbara sat forward in her seat, the ostrich feather crowning her hat bobbing with each nod of her head in approval of the politician's words.

She was thirty-one and very beautiful, despite whispers that she'd been on the market far beyond her expiration date. Kenneth chalked it up to jealousy. Barbara Walsh had seen more and done more than any of the ladies populating the Four Hundred, and possessed more intelligence in her left pinky than any other woman had in that expensive circlet binding their left ring-finger. And it shone in the way she moved, the sparkle in her eye, the knowing curve of her lips.

Kenneth smiled slightly when their eyes met; she'd discovered where his attention had wandered. She sat back in her seat, the rich golden velvet walking costume enriching the creaminess of her skin and the blue of her eyes. Yes, she was attractive and intelligent, and she knew it.

The recording skipped to a halt and he rose from his seat to turn it off.

"Impressive. Impressive." Walsh repeated.

"Indeed it was. I don't recall the late Congressman giving as rousing a speech as that." Kenneth closed the lid of the Dictaphone and put it away.

"Just this August, my boy. A few weeks before he passed, God rest his soul." He bowed his head.

"Yes," Kenneth nodded solemnly.

"You'd do him proud, Stanton," he continued, his voice rising. "A Harvard man. Called to the bar at 21. Won your first major case at 23. Made Assistant District Attorney at 30. Yes, Fanshaw would like you."

"I appreciate your compliments, sir."

"Compliments?" Walsh waved his hand dismissively. "I don't deal with compliments. I deal with cold, hard truth."

"As do I. Which is why I'm not going to dance around the issue at hand: is it a guarantee that I shall be named to Fanshaw's seat?"

"Daddy's been talking with the Governor," Barbara had fixed him a highball and she held the glass out to him. He nodded his thanks. "You're the only qualified man for the position."

"Yes," Kenneth rubbed the back of his neck. "But what about Gilroy? He's been Mayor twice, and a popular one at that. Roosevelt adores him for cleaning up the city."

"With your help." Barbara said sharply. "Half the criminals languishing in the Tombs and Sing Sing wouldn't be there if you hadn't put them there."

"That's true," he admitted.

"Don't worry about Gilroy, darling," she linked her arm with his. "You're every bit as qualified as he is--more so, since you're out there with the people, an unbiased public citizen. You aren't elected, so there are no graft or kickbacks to contend with."

"Listen to my daughter, Stanton. She's got the eye. The eye for people. She can tell a man's future with one look."

Kenneth smiled indulgently. "And what did you see for me?"

"The stars, darling," she said.

Walsh rose heavily from his seat and swiped his hat and cane from where he propped them on Kenneth's desk. "I must be going as I've a meeting with that wily rascal Rockefeller over Standard Oil. Are you coming Babs?"

"Just a moment Daddy,"

Walsh shrugged his acceptance before shuffling from the office. The door shut behind him. Kenneth pulled Barbara into his arms and kissed her. It was a warm, deep, languorous kiss. It felt a bit dangerous. In fact, he always felt endangered around Barbara. There was something uncomfortably intense about her, as though she would swallow a man whole with a touch or a glance. She clutched his shoulders, sagging against him. The crisp scent of bergamot enveloped her skin, and he felt bruised as her lips moved from his own to caress his cheek.

"Darling," she breathed and pulled away. "No," she said, when he made to embrace her once more. "You'll muss my hair."

Kenneth perched a buttock on the edge of his desk, arms folded as Barbara moved to the looking glass over his fireplace and fixed her hair.

"I've told Charlotte about us,"

"Have you my darling? How is the dear child?" She spoke to him through her reflection.

"As startling as ever. She'll love you."

"And I'll love her. I can't help it," she turned and approached him. "I do so love her father." Kenneth caught her in his arms. "Do you now? I wasn't certain."

Barbara kissed him. "I struggled with it in vain, but you're much too irresistible to resist."

Kenneth bent his head to kiss her again in response. As he deepened the kiss, he became aware of a ticklish sensation.

It was the sound of someone clearing their throat.

Kenneth opened his eyes. He promptly thrust Barbara away from him at the sight of the tiny, balding man clutching a leather briefcase who stood in his office.

"Who are you?" He said shortly, embarrassed to be caught in such a position. He felt like a randy schoolboy caught with his hands on a girl's waist during dancing lessons.

"I beg your pardon, sir." The man was tiny, but his voice wasn't. It was low and sonorous, and bellowed from his scrawny chest like a bullfrog-like. "You are Mr. Kenneth Stanton?"

"Yes, yes I am," he replied. "But I ask you again, who are you?"

"Edward J. Popple, sir," he bowed. "Might I have a word?"

"Business." Barbara made a moue of disappointment. "Shall I see you for luncheon at the Waldorf?"

"I'd be delighted." Kenneth shot a glance at the fellow Popple when Barbara kissed his cheek in farewell. The man wisely averted his eyes.

"Interesting, interesting," Popple murmured. He was examining the fertility statues Kenneth used as book ends.

"I'm a collector," he sat at his desk. "Those were acquired from Peru."

"I see," Popple nodded his head. He turned away from the statues and approached the desk, taking the seat Walsh had vacated, the briefcase perched precariously upon his tiny knees.

"How can I be of assistance to you, Mr..."

"Popple. Edward J. Popple. It's a family name, you see."

"Mr. Popple." Kenneth retrieved his pencil and took a piece of writing paper from his desk. He gave Popple an attentive, expectant glance.

"Oh no sir, I haven't come to ask for representation. I am a lawyer also."

"Where did you study?"

"I was fortunate to attend the City College of New York. Harvard was beyond my humble means I'm afraid." Popple sighed reverently, his eyes having traveled upward along the wall behind Kenneth's head.

He turned to look: his diploma from Harvard hung prominently among the plaques and framed photographs adorning his walls.



"City College is a fine school." He said jovially. "Once you've taken the bar and begun a practice, we all begin on the same level ground."

"Oh indeed sir." Popple pushed his spectacles further up his nose. "I had aspirations of being District Attorney. I could have made it too, but I chose a more humble legal profession, one closer to my heart."

Kenneth raised his brows in response.

"Marriage, Mr. Stanton." Popple sighed. "I do love a good wedding, don't you?"

"I've been in one. In fact, I plan to have another one quite soon."

"Oh!" Popple shouted in alarm. "Oh no Mr. Stanton!"

"What?" Kenneth jumped from his seat. "What is it, Mr. Popple?"

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear." Popple fretted. He placed the briefcase on Kenneth's desk and popped it open. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. This is most dreadful."

"What has happened?"

"Mr. Stanton," Popple closed his eyes with a shake of his head. "I have the most dreadful news. You'd better sit."

Kenneth certainly did not sit. He was certain the man was a lunatic, and it was wiser to stand, that way he could run for assistance if Popple were to have a fit.

"What is so calamitous?"

"My dear Mr. Stanton, I am the bearer of the most unfortunate news," Popple swallowed audibly. "You were married in 1886, were you not?"

"Yes, to Lady Lenore Syme-Reeves."

"Is Mrs. Stanton residing in New York?"

"The last I heard of her, she was motoring through Persia with her husband, Sir George Davenport."

"Oh no, this is even worse!" Popple moaned.

"Have out with it!"

"There was a terrible mix-up, you see." Popple mopped his brow with a handkerchief. "The records. You see, the records--"

"Yes, the records?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Stanton. The records of all divorce cases filed with defunct Court of Common Pleas were never actually filed."

Kenneth felt lightheaded with the urge to laugh. "What does that mean, Mr. Popple?"

"It means, Mr. Stanton," Popple's voice trembled. "It means that you and Mrs. Stanton were never legally divorced. Mrs. Stanton is a bigamist!"

With these words, Kenneth Stanton was felled. The world went black and last he recalled was the frantic shout of a tiny, frog-voiced man.

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*How will this be sorted out? What will Kenneth tell his fiancée? Is this Charlotte's dream come true? Just what ended the marriage of Kenneth and Lenore?*

*Find out in the next issue of GILDED...*

# SOME EDWARDIAN BEAUTIES



LADY PORTER



MRS. MYLES KENNEDY



MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS



LADY ALEXANDRA ACHESON



LADY NEWPORT

# GIVEAWAY

The prize? A copy of Anita Leslie's THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE SET.

The rules of the game? Find the answer to the following twenty questions, many of which may be found on Edwardian Promenade (the names Bertie, Prince of Wales, and Edward VII are used interchangeably).

1. At what time and location was the Prince of Wales born?
2. Name his known mistresses in the order in which they conducted their liaisons with Bertie.
3. What was the first scandal to bring attention to the wild ways of the Marlborough House Set?
4. Who was known as the "Double Duchess" and to which dukes did she marry?
5. Harry Cust's love affairs garnered infamy when which current lover humiliated which past lover? Which famous late Edwardian child did he sire?
6. Fill in the blank: The members of the "Fourth Party" were \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_.
7. What events marked the beginning and the end of the London Season?
8. To whom is attributed the quote: "You all sit around discussing one another's souls. I shall call you 'The Souls'."
9. What year did the Prince of Wales' horse win the Derby, and what was the horse's name?
10. Name the relatives which garnered Edward VII the name "Uncle of Europe" and how he was related to them.
11. In which royal house did Edward VII prefer to spend his time?
12. What hotel did Rosa Lewis make famous? What was the king's favorite dish?
13. What are the names of Daisy, Countess of Warwick's youngest two children and who was their father rumored to be?
14. What are professional beauties?
15. List the garments, in order, which Edwardian ladies had to put on before their gowns.
16. When did MP's obtain a salary, and how much was it?
17. Joseph Chamberlain rose to prominence from which northern city, what party did he lead, and what was his pet reform?
18. What 1907 novel by Elinor Glyn shocked society? What doggerel was composed for it?
19. Jennie Jerome married three times--who were her husbands and what was uncommon about each marriage?
20. Name the Edwardian era's wealthiest American heiresses and their dowries.

The first three contestants to email the correct answers to [edwardian.gaiety@gmail.com](mailto:edwardian.gaiety@gmail.com) shall be put in a drawing for the Leslie book and the runner's up shall win two Shire books of their choice and a special Edwardian treat.





PLENTY OF GOOD FISH IN THE SEA.

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